SAWDUST

FEBRUARY, 1944

VOL. IV - NO. 2

"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

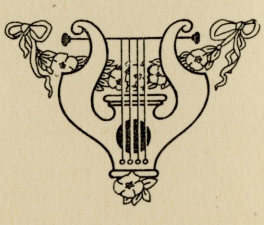
A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

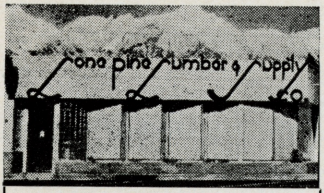
SONG OF A MAORI WOMAN . . .

My nose is just a common nose,
Though somewhat plain and bent;
But now it is a nose no more,
It is a monument.

So, Tourist, take your place in line,
And for a modest fee
You may rub the nose that rubbed the nose
Of Missus Franklin D.

An awful thought occurs to me—
This thought is really stunning:
Since my nose rubbed a Roosevelt nose,
Will it always keep on running?





Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

RUDIE HENDERSON
ERNEST F. LASKY
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
ALBERT SA'NZ
CRUZ SAINZ
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E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS

JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

CHALFANT PRESS
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SPEND—SUCKER—SPEND!...

Thanks to our good friend Alfred L. Paulsen of Trona for a copy of the New York Savings Bank Association's four-page leaflet, "Spend — Sucker — Spend!" by Ralph de Castro. The following are excerpts:

The last war... remember? Silk shirts! Pink ones, green ones, blue ones with white stripes—millions of them.

And silk stockings for the women —on legs that had never felt anything but cotton before. Wrist watches... rings...bracelets...hand-tailored suits ...ten-dollar felt hats...better, larger, sweller apartments.

Then it happened.

1918 and the Armistice. The war boom petered out. In factory after factory the wheels turned slower—slower—then stopped.

The cuffs on the silk shirts were frayed, and the colors were faded...and the silk stockings were gone, and the rings and the watches were in the pawn shops ...and people moved back where they'd come from.

Bread lines...the Bonus Army...ex-soldiers selling apples on street corners..."brother, can you spare a dime?"...stocks going down—down—down....business failures....suicides.... Relief...NRA...WPA...CCC...and no jobs yet, and shoes run down at the heels. And the kids—undernourished—crying a lot—and "the lost generation..."

MUST we come down with another crash? MUST we ignore, not one, not two, not three—but the dozens of lessons taught us by history? MUST we head straight along the road-to-ruin we took the last time?

People are making more money than they ever did before and spending it. Spending it faster than they ever did before. Where's the money coming from—"prosperity?" No...**war.** From the business of Death we've been forced into. From things made to **kill** people. From things made to kill other people so they won't kill us. Win, lose, or draw, the war will end some day. No war has lasted forever. Then what?

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Pretermitted Salesman

It has been quite some time since I had the pleasure of calling on you but possibly being a small businessman you understand the well known situation. Shortage of gas, materials and practically the right to live has kept me in my own back yard...I hope to get to your territory around the second week in March, God and the Ration Board permitting, so until then, I remain, One of the few Forgotten Men.—Harry Taylorson, Bakersfield, Cal.

Anent Boondoggling

I want to tell you myself as well as many who I have heard express themselves, are behind your investigations...—Mrs. -. -. ----, Big Pine, Cal.

Soft Sawder

SAWDUST is a very interesting publication and I hope that I will have the pleasure of continuing on your mailing list.—Clair Engle, M. C., Washington, D. C.

Mexicanized Army

About 1,400 San Antonians have been killed, wounded or are missing. Nearly half these were Latin Americans, chiefly Mexicans, who have proved among the best of U. S. combat troops.—TIME.

Inquisitiveness

Roy and I have tried so hard to figure out the picture (Candid Camera for Jan.) of the two gals. Darn it! Rudie said so much about them and then never said who they were. Any way they are prizes.—Mrs. Mary Journigan, Whittier, Cal.

Sentimentalizer

"Eagerly awaiting me was my bride of 33 years" (L. D. Owen in Jan. SAWDUST). Bless his old heart. Who would think he is possessed of such sentiment? Many a man could learn from him.—Charlotte A. Langley, L. A., Cal.

17th Century Prophesy

When the Hun is poor and down,
He's the humblest man in town.
But once he climbs and holds the rod
He smites his fellow men and God.

—Jacob Cats.

Heinousness

The martyrs of Bataan will watch our statesmen. The martyrs of Louvain, Vise, Tamines, Aerschot, and many other places have been insulted in their graves because German propaganda has cast doubt on the story of their sufferings. In the invisible background of this war they stand side by side: those massacred at Deynze, at Rotterdam, at Lidice and at Bataan. They can't speak, but they judge us, you and me. They want to know if we will fail them again, as we foolishly did twenty-five years ago.—News from Belgium.

72-Year-Old Youngster

Notice is hereby given that after due hearing before the council of twelve apostles and upon his own confession, Richard R. Lyman has been excommunicated from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for violation of the Christian law of chastity. By order of the twelve apostles, George Albert Smith, president.—Deseret News, Salt Lake City.

Retrospection . . .

Perhaps some day a readable book will be written about Lone Pine. Let no one say that there is not sufficient source material. It definitely should not be a contemporaneous history but a systematic narrative relating to the civic and social life of this most interesting little place. Such a volume would be incomplete were it not threaded through 26 years, thus far, of the intrepid characterization of Genevieve Naffziger. What would Lone Pine be without her one and only Genevieve?

Let us pry briefly into Genevieve's life prior to her plunging 26 years ago into tranquil Lone Pine.

Genevieve made her natal debut in Pueblo, Colorado's Grand Hotel. As a matter of record, that hostelry is currently known as the Congress. Her father, Gustave, born in 1865, was a Native Son, whose early life was spent in the hydraulic mining atmosphere of Nevada City. Her mother was cultured Iowa-born Anna Marcella Redmond. Genevieve's babyhood years were spent in such mining camps as Leadville, Telluride, and eventually the City of Denver.

Her years in Denver were happy. There was the spacious and comfortable family home at 40th & Tejon Streets in North Denver, with stable replete with a racy racing-mare that trotted snappily on Sunday drives with a flashy rubber-tired buggy in tow.

"SWEET GENEVIEVE . . . "

Genevieve enrolled in Denver's Cathedral School and engaged in studies, not without interesting and somewhat hilarious interludes, until her graduation.

She received her First Holy Communion from the Right Reverend Monsignor Hugh L. McMenamin. She was confirmed at 12 years of age.

With pigtails bedecked in neatly

SOMBERLY SURVEYING ASHES OF FATHER'S STORE AFTER JULY, 1924 FIRE

bowed, colorful plaid hair-ribbons, she took piano lessons and surprisingly so, only by compulsion. Wise little girl that she was, she discovered that piano playing had rare advantages. She was allowed to play music while the physical education classes marched and calisthenicked to her tunes like perspiring little commandoes. Thus the piano revealing unanticipated advantages, she learned to play the violin. However, in discussing that phase of her talents, Genevieve interpolates that as a violinist she runs a split-hair finish with Jack Benny of one-stringed fame

High School activities included much of Terpsichorean and histrionical doings. Her rigidly artistic rendition of Hamlet perhaps accounts for her lusty gusto in portraying years later the swaggering, blood-thirsty Pedro in a Lone Pine Lion's Club minstrel, still vividly and delightfully recalled with many belly laughs by Lone Piners and Bishopites.

Genevieve has always been devout. As a coincidence, the first automobile she ogled was a profanity-ameliorating, one-lunged, high-wheeled Cadiallac, newly bought by Dean Hart, of all persons, minister of Denver's Episcopalian Church. As for her first automobile rides, perhaps it would be unkind to delve into them. They usually ended by summoning the farmer who had just been high-hatted, or whose horse was scared out of 10 years life, to come to the rescue, when a wheel fell off or the mud was too deep to navigate.

ALL DOLLED-UP FOR CATTLE-HERDING

PAULINE FREDRICK, LEFT FOREGROUND, AND JENNY, RIGHT BACKGROUND, BASKING ON MALIBU SANDS

Following graduation, Genevieve took post-graduate work at the Sisters of Charity Mother House at Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio. There, in Hamilton County, then

unknown to each other, Father Tom Connell said mass. Later, Father Connell was to be parish priest of Lone Pine's Santa Rosa Church.

MOTHER ANNA IN EARLY THIRTIES

The date, March, 11, 1918: Lone Pine was deep in Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives; most of her young men were in the armed forces; the Spanish Influenza epidemic had yet to take its fearful toll; Owens Lake was still a vast expanse of blue waters; capable Alice Tate, then as now, was Postmaster; there was no Catholic Church; and Genevieve, Brownie 3-A camera in hand, joined her father who had recently assumed the proprietorship of the late Phil Bauer's Variety Store.

This girl, of mature mind, readily adjusted herself to the dearth of single women of her own age, and of the temporary displacement in her religious life in the straggling town. Lone Pine was then about to lose its meagre High School through inability to maintain its minimum quota of 11 students. Although its courses were crude compared with Denver's Cathedral and Ohio's Mount St. Joseph

WITH FATHER GUS AT TWELVE YEARS

DARING CHANCES AT UNIVERSAL CITY FOR "DARING CHANCES"

Schools, Genevieve, together with Stella Castro (husband Fili was in France and later with the Army of Occupation), matriculated for post-graduate work to maintain the minimum enrollment.

In her father's tiny home she started a Catholic Sunday School. Ere long its attendance of 40 moppets overflowed onto the lawn. A class of forty, ranging in ages from 13 to 50 were instructed for Confirmation and administered by the present Arch-Bishop John J. Cantwell of Los Angeles.

Kaleidoscopically, there followed Father Austin Fleming, a priest of the Chicago Chapel Car; the self-evident need of a Church was obvious; and Lone Pine's first resident Parish Priest, Father John J. Crowley, arrived in 1919. Of the now deceased, great and good Right Reverend Monsignor Crowley, more later. SAWDUST steps aside to allow THE SATURDAY EVENING POST first opportunity with its somewhat colorful article. It will soon appear with impressive

Kodachrome photographs.

Benefits for the struggling new church were many and varied. Histrionically speaking, for one such benefit, Genevieve teamed with Otto Honerlah as fecund wife and husband with a boatload of offspring, revealing a versatility that would be envied by Mormon Leader Brigham Young, ably assisted by the late A. V. Duarte and other local folks, in presenting a farce authored and directed by the inimitable Padre.

In April, 1921, Genevieve began a friendship with Pauline Fredrick that was to ripen into one of mutual devotion until the sad death of the great actress in 1938. Acquaintanceship began when the portrayor of the tragic title-roles of "Madame X" and "The Scarlet Woman" was on Lone Pine location filming "The Sting of the Lash". Strangely enough, it all started because there was a tree between the two. It happened near the old

COSTUMED FOR 1937 ROAD JUBILEE

Town Hall. Ostrich-like, Genevieve with Brownie 3-A tightly clutched, was hiding—or trying to hide behind an immature tree. The motive, a candid shot of the awesome Miss Fredrick. Eyes atwinkle, Miss Fredrick discovered the elfish camera fan and invited her to "come out and take a good picture." Genevieve didn't take one—but six. Excited at her good fortune she trembled so that they were all blurred beyond recognition.

Three years later as Genevieve Knapf, she too played more than an ordinary role in the movies as the comedy relief in one of Universal's five-reel Jack Hoxie

ARM IN ARM A-MARKETING WE GO

westerns. The title was "Daring Chances". When exhibited at Lone Pine and Keeler movie-houses, SRO signs were virtually worn out.

Genevieve was before the public again in a major way in 1935. This time on Bill Sharple's KNX programs as Jane Mack, "the little girl from the hills". Her pleasing, and to local folks, tugging-at-the-heartstrings rendition of popular songs, was heard on a dozen KNX programs.

Genevieve's greatest loss was her father's death in 1929.

Since, she has managed to make both ends meet as Lone Pine's newsgirl. She and her mother live together in their own little vine-covered cottage. There she has assembled a number of scrap books that are veritable treasure chests of life's many pleasantries, sprinkled here and there with sad mementoes of her father, Padre Crowley, Pauline Fredrick, and others who were very, very dear to her.

Included are autographed pictures and letters from such persons as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lillian and Sam Jaffe, and Flo Ziegfeld.

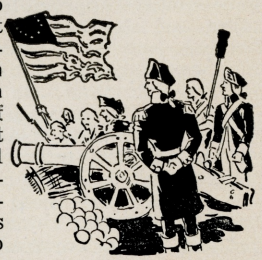
Genevieve has always been an exceedingly appreciative personality, and she has not only been singing—she has been swinging her way through a life that has had more than its share of poignancy. Where there has been a chuckle she has made the most of it. As for example, Bishop theaterman Harry Holland's letter, occupying a prominent spot in her best scrap book, in reply to her request for a commodious chair to attend the Owens Valley premiere of RKO's Lone Pine filmed "Gunga Din". Mr. Holland's letter reads in part:

"Inasmuch as we do not charge by the pound or inch, you will be eligible at the regular adult price of 40c."

COQUETTISH MAID

Wallpaper

The 12th of this month is Abraham Lincoln's birthday anniversary. Were it only possible for the millions of unblessed meek paying tribute to the Government countenanced labor-racketeers and a multiplicity of payroll-tax deductions to heed these words of Lincoln's: "To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government"...Home life is usually a bit difficult after each issue of SAWDUST. The lady of the house particularly objects to our "polluted" brand of humor in "Behind the Bandsaw". As a full partner in the business, we serve notice on our readers that she has the unrestricted right to take over that page and dish up her own wit as she threatens. It might be refreshing at that.....February's READER'S DIGEST contains two jokes that appeared in previous numbers of SAWDUST.....Also, something of a scoop was made in our November issue in "Press Item of the Month". You will find it on page 52 of the January 22nd issue of LIBERTY under the head of "Double Cross"...Lone Pine has a young heiress in its midst. Margaret Sparrevohn has been notified of a £1,000 legacy awaiting her in the Isle of Man. It was willed by her god-mother...Make good use of the extra day that Leap Year brings you this month ...One crew of flying fighters recently shot down nine Zeros. If only they could come home and repeat the performance on the national debt!...Hitler is said to be writing another book to be published posthumously. We can hardly wait to read it...Sam Davis, the sage of Darwin, declares that the Bureaucrats really stumbled onto something when they regulated what a fellow can put into his belly. In fact, Sage Sam opines that with that kind of control of the public, the Bureaucrats are unlikely to ever release it...Johnny Morris is bragging that he has caught up with ye scribe. He now has three boys... Sedate oldest son, Bob, has made it through the Sophomore year without being spanked in school. Rudie II, doing an encore in the sixth grade, with promise of another return engagement next term, has likewise escaped school spankings of knowledge. But Jimmy-the-Red, much to his mother's mortification, received a well laid on walloping, and he is only in the first grade. That's the type of good old-fashioned discipline that should be more common in our public schools...February 22nd marks the anniversary of George Washington's birth. Our tribute to him must be in measure with the staunch qualities of that great individual —the forceful, courageous leadership that made him truly the "father" of our nation..We were numbered among the fortunate to gorge ourselves at John Lubken's 29th Annual Turkey Banquet. Again, this grand affair had behind it the expert cooking of Mrs. Lubken...We met



Doc Denton of Trona for the first time at the Lubken banquet. A first-rate guy, too...A short story that is well worth reading is Glenn Allan's hilarious epic "Mr. Chinnus Lays Down the Law" in the February 5th SATURDAY EVENING POST. Here is a sample paragraph: "Old Man Pigeon winced because he had just discovered that butts meat was an economic imponderable. He used to sell a barrel a week at eight cents and make a tidy profit; now he sold two barrels a week at forty cents and came so close to losing money that his skin crawled in its vast acreage"...Thanks to our negro friend, Walter J. Petry of New York, for mailing us a copy of Rackham Holt's biography of George Washington Carver...We have a number of large calendars from our wholesalers that we dislike to throw away. Can you use one?...Congressman Carlson has introduced a bill proposing a tax ceiling of 90% on individual incomes. In other words, the government proposes to allow a man to retain 10% of what he earns. Of course that doesn't keep California from coming in for its 14%, on which income taxes paid to the Federal government are not deductible. And to think socialism was only a fifty-fifty proposition ...Of the thousands of books and pamphlets now published by the Federal Government, the following are representative titles: **146** Bedbugs; **193** Fireproofing Christmas Trees; **230** Make-Overs from Men's Suits; **213** Sour Cream, How to Prepare and Use it at Home; **75** Warts on Cattle; **1826** Care of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs; **1693** Growing Christmas Holly on the Farm; **1582** Protection of Log Cabins; **1491** Breeds of Dogs; **1357** Castration of Hogs; **1264** Manufacture of Unfermented Apple Juice; **1800** Home-made Jellies. In writing to your Congressman for copies be sure to use the identification numbers listed..The bombing and photographing of that alleged Gibralter of the Pacific, Truk, is a vast step toward Corregidor . . . There is apparently no limits to the all inclusive knowledge of WPB. Regardless of the specifications of your electrical engineer, the WPB will calculate the size motor you can buy to power a drive...Life's little tragedy: Ernest Lasky bought a new suit of clothes the week before he received his draft call...Julius Mahrt recently had 3 aces trumped in a hot pinochle session. As Ed Attaway ejaculated: "What! And there wasn't no shootin'?"...This month's distinguished visitor was State Senator Charlie Brown... Incidentally, did you hear the "Death Valley Days" radio program featuring Dad Fairbanks and the courtship and marriage of his daughter by Senator Brown?... Local folks thoroughly appreciated the recent visits of Marine Lieut. Howard W. Dueker, Army Pilot Clark O'Connell and Seaman Leonard Wiltfang...Hmm, so the WRA is now under the eccentric supervision of Bad Boy Harold Ickes...All credit to Interstate for including in the Lone Pine telephone circuit all points from Manzanar to Olancha...To judge from the propaganda of the Richfield Reporter and others, we may expect a further reduction in gasoline and other rationing in general. Smells like an old political trick. If it happens, we venture a prediction that immediately prior to

election there will be a general relaxation with appropriate aplomb and gusto. At that, it is smart politics. The meek voters are noted for being long on appreciation and short on memory ...The Army way: A 1st lieutenant shipped to Manzanar to take charge of an M.P. Company that had been moved out 7 months before, and three days later still awaiting orders of where to go from there...More good news for the $50.00 per month enlisted man: Puget Sound shingle weavers being paid $12.00 to $14.00 per six-hour day, demanding a 30c per hour increase...An income tax field agent honored us with an audit last month. The statute of limitations expires four years after filing. Nevertheless this agent tried to obtain a waiver on 1937-'38 and '39 tax reports. We repeat—he tried. After hours of his and our time in auditing our 1940 return he picked up total discrepancies of $1.05. We declined to pay him on the spot, but suggested that we might consider it after due notice of Income Tax Deficiency and Demand, all nicely computed with interest at 6%, properly submitted by mail from the District Office.

—SD—

It was during Prohibition. The railroad station was packed with a gay going-away throng. At one side of the waiting room stood a quiet little man, fidgeting about, trying to hide himself from the crowd. A Federal Agent noticed that the man had something in his coat pocket from which drops were falling in slow trickles. The Fed with a gleam in his eye, collared the gent, put a finger out under the drops, caught one and tasted it. Then he spoke to the man. "Scotch?"

"Nope," replied the stranger. "Airedale pup!"

TAX NIGHTMARE . . .

March 15th Antidote

Three salesmen were eating dinner in a Washington hotel. The bill was $30 and all reached for the check. The first fellow said his firm was in the 50% bracket, doing war work, and that the bill would actually cost him only $15. The second man said, "Let me pay it. We're in the 80% bracket and it will cost me only $6." The third one said, "I'll pay the check. My firm is working on a cost-plus basis and we'll make $3 on the meal."—Arch Ward in "Wake of the News," Chicago Tribune.

Obscurantism

"Yes, a certified public accountant helped me with this return—but he attached a sworn statement, declaring he didn't know what he was doing!"—Lichty Cartoon, San Francisco Chronicle.

One Touch of Genius

I say there is Swiss clockwork in Form 1040. Else, how could it make you cuckoo? I have been persecuted by the Forgiveness Tax, cut off without a cent by the Inheritance Tax, dropped through the floor by the Ceiling Tax and defeated by the Victory Tax... Take my income; gimme the tax! —"Bugs" Baer.

Lucid Orbs of Tax Law

Gains and losses from the sale or exchange of such property are not subject to the percentage provisions of section 117 (b) and losses from such transactions are not subject to the limitations on losses provided in section 117 (d), except that under section 117 (j) the gains and losses from the sale or exchange of such property held for more than 6 months may be treated as gains and losses...See section 29.117-7.—Verbatim extract from Internal Revenue Code, Sec. 29.117-1 of Sec. 117.

IN THE FIGHT . . .

Lt. Geo. W. Savage. . .

I have seen a few of the Inyoites out this way and it's always good to see someone from home. It's amazing how many one does see at this cross roads of the Pacific. —USNR, Hawaii.

Lt. (JG) Wm. J. Bauer. . .

I shall remain here in S. F. for probably another 3 or 4 weeks; then—Southwest Pacific, here I come. . .Give my best to the boys at the lumber yard, and to Mr. and Mrs. Dow, if you see them.—Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco.

Pvt. Owen Mello. . .

SAWDUST reads with interest copies of BOMB-BAY MESSENGER, whose News Editor is Owen Mello of the old Mt. Whitney Observer.—Army Air Base, Salt Lake City.

Major Roy L. French. . .

Oh hell, maybe I'm just boring you some more. But get used to it, feller, 'cause I damn well plan to continue to lean heavily on your advice and counsel right up to the day you escort me to that ornate door in your establishment, and, with a well placed boot, send me into what I hope will, by then, be a massed crowd of customers clamoring to buy the vast quantity of goods which you will be offering for sale. Now, let's see you write a long-drawn-out sentence similar to that for SAWDUST. Begin it with, erroneously, a conjunction, too.—University of S. Cal.

Major Geo. P. Putnam. . .

My best please, to all hands. Now I'm off for a G.I. haircut. I'd rather have Jim Rogers operate.—468th Bombardment Group, Salina, Kansas.

CANDID CAMERA . . .

Presenting as our second of a series, one of Lone Pine's prominent young ladies of a quarter of a century ago. How time flies! Today, looking ahead at 1969, it would seem to be in the far distant future. But in looking back 25 years or so, time seems so short.

Enough soliloquizing. The above pictured contented young lady has always been active in community affairs. Her grown-up daughters are the personification of young American womanhood. As for herself, of her numerous good qualities, she looks as young today as the above picture of 2½ decades ago.

—SD—

EDITOR LEAVES TOWN . . .

Women are to wear their dresses this winter much tighter. This will save on materials and show their patriotism.—Chicago Tribune.

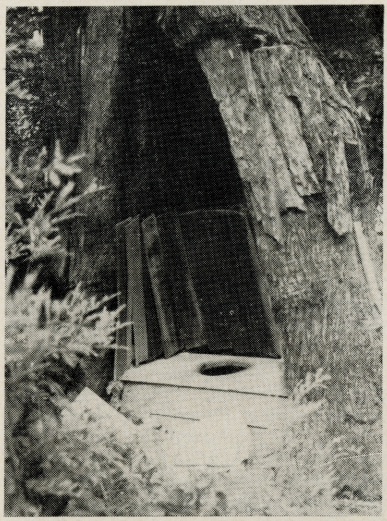
It undoubtedly will!

Salt Lake City advises Southern Pacific will furnish baggage car for "Gay Nighties" theatrical company.—Union Pacific Bulletin.

Pajamas require less space!

GEMS OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE . . .

I have seen a copy of your "Gems of American Architecture" and am enclosing a print of an additional variation, name for same to be applied by you. Might I also ask if it would be possible to mail me a few copies of the



THE ROOT BUSTER

above referred to "Gems of American Architecture", as the same are quite closely related to the many problems that confront us in the conduct of State Parks.—A. E. Henning, Chief, Div. of Parks, S. F., Cal.

I have just read from cover to cover, one of your copies of "Gems of American Architecture", and was so delighted with it that I am taking the liberty of asking you to include me as one of your "Good Friends" and send one to me.—M. S. Lopes, Jr., L. A., Cal.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW . . .

"No," replied the husband during the quarrel. "No, you didn't run after me. But listen, Babe! A trap doesn't run after a mouse, either. But it gets it just the same. See?"

—SD—

This recruit was a miserable shot with a rifle, and the Sergeant in charge of rifle practice had been unmerciful in his criticisms, until the rookie's nerves were on edge.

"I'll bet you don't even know what a 'fine sight' is," said the sergeant caustically. "Now, tell me, what is a 'fine sight'?"

"I know that one," said the hopeless rifleman. "A fine sight is an enormous ship, crammed full of sergeants, on fire from end to end, eleven hundred miles from land, with a hurricane blowing."

—SD—

Teen-Age Daughter: (As the radio ground out the final notes of the latest bit of swing): "Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?"

Father: "Only once, when a truck loaded with empty milk cans hit a freight car loaded with live ducks."

—SD—

She: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

He: "Don't believe so."

She: "Then where'd you get the idea?"

—SD—

Sergeant: "Do you know what 'knee action' is in a Jeep?"

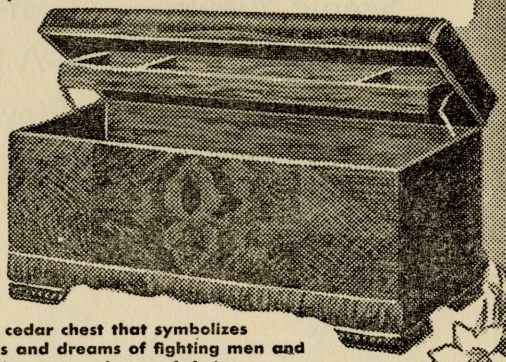
WAC: "Yes I do! And don't you dare try it!"

—SD—

Lonesome for company
Was Tessie McGee—
Either Company A—
Or Company B.

Give Her This LANE Cedar HOPE CHEST

The Perfect Love Gift for Easter



As Advertised in LIFE

LANE..the cedar chest that symbolizes the hopes and dreams of fighting men and their sweethearts...a home of their own when Victory is won! One of the popular models is this Modern design which is equipped with the Lane automatic tray.

$39.50

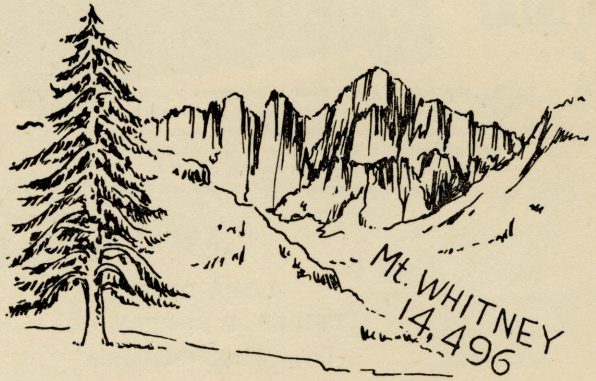
Buy More War Bonds

LONE PINE
LUMBER & SUPPLY CO.
Lone Pine, California

Jenny's Gift Shop

"Everybody is 1-A with me!"

Scenic Views . . . Post-Cards
Souvenirs . . . Bric-A-Brac
Orders taken for Flowers
Daily and Sunday Newspapers



Lone Pine Calif.